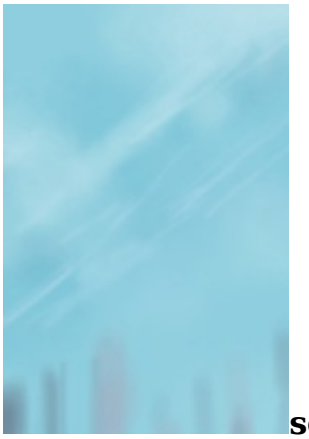 **someday**

By: rumiberri

There's broken pieces scattered all around. She ignores them, feet already poised to step forward. Fingers grasp her arm, stopping her from shattering things even further. A gentle smile, and she watches as she painstakingly gathers each and every shard into her hands. "You're not broken, Homura-chan," she whispers. "You'll be okay." [AU][Drabble]

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Lavender eyes are moving, lazily tracing patterns found high within the clouds.

There's blue skies above, painted with a small spattering of white contrails mixed alongside real puffs.

She sees a dog, a cat, and something else she can't place.

The humidity in the air has her legs sticking, and she shifts to make herself a bit more comfortable. The summer dress she's wearing, tumbles down like a cascading waterfall, fabric spilling onto the blanket underneath as her gaze remains absent.

Noises from behind. Most likely Kyouko and Sayaka are arguing again.

She closes her eyes, letting those sounds fill her thoughts instead.

She's sweaty, and thirsty, and maybe a little dizzy from the heat.

But she makes no move to return inside.

Her eyes open when she hears the squeak as glass slides against metal; Mami never did get around to fixing that wheel.

She turns, and there's green and red filling her vision.

The tray is lowered, and Madoka offers her a dazzling smile. "Mami-san cut open the watermelon, Homura-chan."

More yelling, followed by a crash heard through the now opened door.

Madoka winces. "Kyouko-chan thinks Sayaka-chan got the bigger piece." With one hand balancing the tray, she slides the door closed, effectively turning the voices back into jumbled murmurs.

She kneels, and Homura quickly reaches out to stop one of the plates from slipping.

"Whoops!" Madoka grins, and settles in right next to her, placing the tray right in front. "Good catch, Homura-chan."

Homura gives her a shy smile.

"It's pretty hot out here though," Madoka comments, readjusting her shirt and shorts as she feels the sun bearing down. "You should come back inside; too much heat isn't good for you." She places a hand on Homura's cheek. "You're already starting to turn red. Did you put on sunblock?"

Her skin against hers feels nice and cool. She closes her eyes, enjoying the sensation. "I did. But maybe not enough."

Madoka gently trails her fingers across her face. "Let's eat, and then go back inside, okay, Homura-chan?"

"Okay," she mumbles.

She opens her eyes just as Madoka leans in.

Brief contact as lips press close, before Madoka pulls back with another smile.

She stares at her, slightly dazed. She's sure the colour staining her cheeks is no longer because of the sun.

Still smiling, Madoka turns to the watermelon, a polite gesture to allow her to regain her bearings.

The fruit is lifted, and as Madoka bites down, her eyes scrunch as the cold hits her teeth.

It makes her smile, and she tries to cover it with her hand.

Madoka notices, and immediately points to the plate. "Try it, Homura-chan!"

She nods, and reaches for her own.

Madoka is laughing when her eyes close. "See! But it's good though, huh?"

She licks her lips. It's sweet, and refreshing against her tongue.

She finds the taste almost nostalgic, like a forgotten memory.

Like summer.

Lavender opens to look above. "Yes," she replies. "Very."

Madoka is in mid-bite when she realizes Homura has stopped eating. She glances over, and her face softens. She places her slice back onto the plate, and a moment later, Homura's joins hers.

Thick, red glasses are lifted, before gentle fingers swipe at those tears trailing down. Madoka smiles, and wraps her arms around her.

It's hot, and sunny, and unbearably warm, but Homura clings onto her desperately, unwilling to let go.

Madoka closes her eyes, holding her tightly as she sobs.

"It's okay, Homura-chan. We won." She kisses the side of her head. "Shhh. It's okay. Summer, and Fall, and Winter, and Spring. We'll experience all of it, together."

She cries harder, and Madoka hugs her tighter.

"Shh, Homura-chan. You're okay. You'll be oka**y.**"